Collared Predators Bite Harder

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Collared Predators Bite Harder

by KitsuneGirl911

Summary

Will's powers start emerging more just as Jack involves him on a new case. It turns out Will is shockingly perfect in his undercover role at a high-class BDSM club. Everyone starts to wonder if Will is getting too into his role by virtue of his empathy. Will wonders why no one realizes he is dating Hannibal. Seriously.

[[8-5-19: This is the new version of this series, after some edits! The Legacy Version is discontinued, read this one instead!]]

Chapter 1

Hannibal stood next to his Sweet William silently, reveling in the rare tranquil peace their shared moment provided. Jack had finally slunk off in his usual reluctant manner to let Will work. Hannibal was allowed to remain close by as the profiler closed his eyes to dive into another's darkness. (Hannibal had pointedly reminded Jack that he could help analyze and interpret Will's insight, just for this exact opportunity.)

Just like Orpheus… Hannibal mused to himself, pleased with his analogy, *Will is leading Uncle Jack up from the underworld, gradually forcing the man to lose his misplaced faith… Jack will turn back at the last, to see the bitter truth, only to be sent down to suffer for eternity with his mistakes.*

Hannibal allowed his expression to echo his muted mirth; no one but he and Will were anywhere near the body. Even Matt was absent, and though Hannibal appreciated the courtesy offered by the man through privacy (this was *his* gift for Will after all), he still wasn't sure how to feel about the other wendigo's presence. Hannibal actively tried to find faults with Matt that would warrant an attack, but the man was rather admirable in all respects save his share of Will's time. However, Will was very sure that Matt should stay, as he was quite taken with the younger killer; thankfully Will had not lessened his affections towards the elder any. Case in point, Will was enjoying the day's atmosphere as he pretended to analyze the Chesapeake Ripper's latest display. To be fair to his beloved, Will was still analyzing the crime scene. He just had no intention of ever turning Hannibal in.

It was the most delicious of ironies that the incompetent head of the BAU did not see he held all the fragments of Hannibal's veritable stained glass body of work. All Jack had to do was imagine the finished luminous art to stop Hannibal mid-step… *Now that Will is at my side, sharing in this waltz of elegance and blood- the Danse Macabre may never end. Well, at least not with Jack's lax hands struggling with the shards of our glorious power.*

Will's eyes snapped open the next second and broke Hannibal from his thoughts about that troublesome dancer waiting in the wings for his own turn with *his* Will. Poised to inquire as to what his lover had seen, Hannibal was thrown slightly off-balance as he heard an abrupt rumble of protesting hunger from Will's stomach. The psychiatrist, used to his profiler's worrying habit of denying such concerns, was expecting Will to offer some cunning poetic comment about his gift.

Instead of looking confused or actively ignoring the sudden sound, Will surprised Hannibal by turning to him and calmly speaking.

"Did you bring anything with you from this? For once your hubris is useful; I'm kinda hungry."

Will was careful not to point at the body, regardless of how much he wanted to do so in a casually mocking way; despite his and Hannibal's relative seclusion with the scene, one could never be too careful. As Will passed by Jack on the way to Hannibal's Bentley, set on

retrieving the light lunch Hannibal had packed for their date, Will gave the eager man just the right amount of information to get his overzealous boss off his back long enough to eat something.

Will practically snatched Hannibal's pretentious not-quite-Tupperware from his hand once settled in the car's passenger seat; Hannibal was too fascinated to chide Will on manners this time. Will focused only on the meat portion with single-minded passion. He practically moaned at the coppery tang still noticeable despite the man's flesh having been cooked, and his eyelashes fluttered wildly over his closed eyes. Hannibal nudged over his prepared portion of lunch when the meat was gone and was brimming with as much pleasure and satisfaction from watching Will eat what he'd hunted for him as Will was from eating it.

The profiler acted much like the predators he caught for a living as he plucked up bits of human flesh with his suddenly sharper nails, carefully avoiding dropping and thereby wasting a single precious piece. Will snagged those tidbits from his fingertips with his elongated teeth, tossed his head back to swallow with an audible and sharp snap of his jaws, before repeating the sequence again and again.

Hannibal shifted slightly in the driver's seat, less to hide his pleasurable reaction and more to not disturb his lover's enticing motions. If the elder wendigo was not aroused after that titillating display, he *certainly* was when Will turned to him in a daze upon finishing both portions. Hannibal was struck with new heights of lust as he tracked the sinuous path of Will's tongue as it cleaned the last traces of human flesh from his reddened lips; Will's eyes silently demanded still *more*.

Hannibal started his car without another word, already concocting an excuse to give Jack.

This bore looking into.

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Hannibal sat a still oddly distracted and impatient Will at his kitchen counter before turning to consider his stainless steel fridge. The meat ingredients for the next couple days' menu were still fresh… and uncooked. Hannibal glanced at Will briefly and immediately struck down thoughts of heating any of it. Will looked about ready to eat the counter itself, if his contemplation of its edge was any indication. So the wendigo psychiatrist plated a generous helping of raw human flesh for his beloved and sat nearby to observe.

Without an ounce of hesitation, Will resumed eating. Hannibal had to clutch his thankfully sturdy marble countertop to steady himself as a fresh wave of arousal slammed low in his gut. Hannibal was *very* delighted with his decision to serve Will raw cuts; this prideful pleasure he stoked by feeding his mate his well-earned kills was intoxicating beyond measure. The profiler only slowed his pace slightly as he tried to get through the last few sinful crimson bites, ignoring standard manners and propriety to stubbornly see his large feast through to its end. Will's back bowed significantly with his instinctual efforts to lessen the pressure within his unnaturally protruding belly. Hannibal had never been so hard in his life; he could hardly stop staring at the taut swell of stolen life in Will's middle that hardly even shifted with each ragged inhale and exhale he took.

Will finally regarded Hannibal's predicament with hooded eyes as he languidly sucked the remaining blood from his fingertips with palpable relish. Clearly pleased with his providing mate's wide, lust-blown, reddish eyes, Will let his gaze trickle down to Hannibal's painfully erect cock- and Will was brought down to his knees *hard* by a hunger of a different kind. While Hannibal watched Will eat with his strange new rapturous interest, Hannibal had been forced to hastily free himself from the confines of his trousers upon hearing the small, distinctive sound of stitches ripping. That was quite a while ago.

"Ooh, Hannibal… You take *such* good care of me. Let me reward such loving attention with my own, hmm?" Will cooed with uncharacteristic sweetness up at his mate; it was the only warning Hannibal received before Will got started.

Will took as much of his beloved's turgid cock into his mouth as he could, eager to get the older man off as quickly and perfectly as possible. Hannibal had done so well, after all. Will wanted to be absolutely sure this wonderful thing would happen again, though part of Will's mind wondered at his shamelessness. He worked his tongue nimbly along the ridges he could feel underneath Hannibal's dick. Will tried to berate himself for moaning like a two-dollar whore as the man he was pleasuring then seemed to take up even more space in his already stuffed mouth, but Will was losing his resolve. Being a wendigo was setting Will free in ways he found more than slightly terrifying… but at least they were fascinatingly so.

Hannibal stood from his chair in one smooth motion to grab Will's curls and get a better angle for his abrupt, brutal thrusts down into his mate's willing wet heat. Will allowed Hannibal to have total control while taking his satisfaction from his body; Will only used his own hands to cradle his distended abdomen. Oddly enough, his stomach wasn't hurting much at all. Will felt as if he was doing something deeply, staggeringly right… something that he'd been denying himself his whole life. Hannibal might have been the one fucking Will's face with primal abandon, but it was *Will* who held the power here. Will wanted more of that feeling, and by now he didn't care what that meant or what that desire said about him; he just needed *more*.

Each of their near-pained groans and growls mingled together with dissonant perfection as Hannibal spent his copious release into Will's eagerly suckling mouth. Will felt his dick jerk spasmodically in orgasm when the salty taste of Hannibal's seed rushed over his tongue, but Will felt no corresponding wetness of his own. It was strange, and yet the lack of an ejaculation was actually a good thing for Will; he was quite sure he wouldn't have stayed conscious otherwise, mind overloaded as it was in that second.

Will felt Hannibal carry him upstairs on mildly unsteady legs and the profiler felt fit to purr at the thought of tiring his beloved mate out in such a way. Sleepy, well-sated, and safe in his and Hannibal's dark den with the man possessively swathed all around him, Will couldn't wait until he was hungry again. Maybe a visit to his new friend Matt was in order…?

Coffee and a Killer, AKA Will Is Not a Morning Person

“Will, I need you on this one,” barked in his ear first thing in the morning by Jack was a hell of a way to ruin one’s well-satiated mood. Cell phone now held a safe distance from his abused eardrums, the profiler glared at the world at large. Will was sure it was Jack’s honest intention to ruin all of his nice things. He wouldn't be surprised in the least.

“When don’t you?” Will mumbled in a low voice, rolling over to hide his face in Hannibal's indulgent pillows. He had just wrapped up the case he'd been profiling for Jack yesterday; did serial killers all *know* when he needed a break? With how Will's life had been up to this point, he really didn't doubt it.

“I am going to pretend I didn't hear that. We got a body. There's a lot of pressure on this one, Will.” Jack certainly sounded stressed enough to back up his words…

“How many victims?” Will asked groggily, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. He could smell heavenly coffee from downstairs, and Will wondered just how many scores of people this particular serial killer had murdered to warrant his personal involvement.

“This is the second. Will, I need you here yesterday.” Jack then filled Will in with the location and hung up abruptly.

Will stumbled to Hannibal's en suite bathroom and freshened up a bit before following his nose to the rich caffeinated paradise he could smell wafting up from Hannibal's kitchen.

“Good morning, dear Will,” his lover greeted him warmly, looking entirely too put together and awake than anyone had a right to be at the ungodly hour of seven in the morning. Especially after a night like the one they shared before. Will very nearly snapped at Hannibal before he caught sight of the glass mug of coffee the psychiatrist held out like a peace offering.

“Thanks,” Will grumbled only halfheartedly as he accepted the mollifying gift; a small whimper of bliss escaped him at the first bracing sip. If Will wasn’t so engrossed with his coffee he would have glared daggers at Hannibal for his sudden abundance of pleased smugness. “Jack called. There's a new case he wants me to look into.” At least Will could shatter the meticulous psychiatrist’s plans. It helped Will feel like he'd evened their playing field a bit.

Hannibal's expression solidified into a blank one for several long seconds as he fought for the most polite comment he could muster about this fact.

“I see.”

“Why Dr. Lecter, it seems even you are affected by early hours!” Will definitely did not cackle in triumph at seeing his lover brought down to a normal level like the rest of the world for once. He didn't. Taking pity on Hannibal, Will continued on, “The crime scene is in

Baltimore though. You could probably drive me there or something. Jack sounds oddly desperate despite this being only the second victim."

Hannibal was intrigued enough to partially forgive Jack for ruining a lovely morning in with his beloved.

"We'd best get ready then. I can pack us breakfast to go," Hannibal offered with an arched brow, wondering if Will would even be able to eat again anytime soon. Stolen peeks at his belly revealed it was much less swollen than it had been the previous night, but Hannibal wanted to be sure. Wasting food was unacceptable.

Will's stomach growled happily at Hannibal's suggestion.

"Oh yeah, I could get used to this…" Will sighed as he finished his coffee in one long sip, already envisioning having a lovely meat-filled breakfast on the drive over. Having a lover who cooked like a god had its definite perks.

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"First victim was a Gregory Hamisch; he was found just like this one. Same type of clothing, similar physical appearance, same level of brutality pre and post mortem. Our killer tore these two apart while they were still breathing," Jack informed his star profiler as soon as he had trudged up to the scene.

Will stared at the second victim of what Jack equally hoped and feared was also Gregory Hamisch's killer. The dead man was about Will's age, perhaps a bit younger, with a mop of curly black hair; even despite the lack of life's flush on the corpse's skin, Will could tell he had been pale. This victim was still clad in the same type of tight black leather and silver accented outfit that Hamisch had been found in. Those heels were murder themselves, Will mused to himself as he tucked his glasses back into his pockets to begin focusing his mind.

Jack cleared everyone with a withering glare (the only time he didn't shout for compliance was when Will was working for him) and walked over to stand next to Hannibal a good distance away.

"Dr. Lecter. I didn't expect to see you here this morning," Jack greeted amiably. His tone held no judgments towards Hannibal, but the psychiatrist detected a question directed in Will's general direction. Jack seemed to believe Will was hiding some sort of episode from him again. *If only he knew what my dear Will was truly hiding…* Hannibal chuckled mentally, but kept any of his good cheer from showing on his face. It just wouldn't do at such a gruesome crime scene, after all.

"Hello Jack. I invited Will to a private dinner last night in an effort to ensure he ate something; he sometimes forgets his own needs while on a case." Jack nodded contemplatively as Hannibal spoke, showing that he wasn't completely oblivious to Will's mannerisms. "We ended up talking for so long afterwards that I insisted he make use of one of my rooms for the night." Hannibal left out the minor detail that it was his own bedroom Will shared that night; Jack need not know every nuance of his relationship with the profiler just yet.

“Seems dinner and a good night’s sleep did wonders for him,” Jack heartily approved of anything that made Will work better in such a short time, “Keep up the good work doctor.”

Hannibal inclined his head in acknowledgement but his attention was back onto Will as he sunk into this latest killer’s sullied psyche. How beautiful his Sweet William was like this… And yet at the end of the day it was his own darkness that Will embraced tenderly; Will knew the worthy when he saw them. Hannibal begrudgingly admitted that if he must share his Will's attention with another, his beloved could have chosen to tolerate far worse than the younger killer he had.

Hannibal still didn't have to like it though.

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The pendulum swung and scattered entrails folded themselves back into the mercilessly shredded body to be tucked away by pale skin and black leather. Life's flush imbued the young man again and he stood and smiled coldly at Will- at the killer.

“He looks beautiful with that expression. I don't choose him to kill him; I wanted something specific, something rare and precious.”

Will was now in the murderer’s shoes, shadowing his footsteps as one with the darkness spilling from their connected minds. The victim is confident, close to untouchable but Will approaches the man anyway; he’s confident too.

“I am looking for an ideal in him, so I invite him to my test of worth.” The once cool and collected victim follows along until the negotiations begin. Terror and disgust flicker across the other curly-haired man's face as if fighting for supremacy there. “This candidate is faulty. My standards are high and he just fell short.”

A knife was in Will's hands all of a sudden and he brandished it at the young man. He tried to scream but a sure hand covered his mouth, and pitch tears trailed steadily from kohl lined eyes; this boy knew his death lay in that blade.

“My rage is intense but focused; I need to ensure no one else would have even this one-tenth of what I was looking for. This potential mate had to be taken off the market... permanently.” The knife tore through flesh, organ, and sinew. It caught on bone but that was no matter; the damage was done. Will's hands- the killer’s hands- sunk deep into the ragged wound, squelching sickly as they rooted around in the man’s abdominal cavity to toss useless organs wherever they would land. He couldn't care less about this dead failure.

This murder was simply clearing his palate for the next course.

“Afterwards I go scouting again. My ideal mate is still out there. …This is my design.” Will opened his eyes slowly to enter his own skin in one sane piece, blinking rapidly to adjust to the day's early light. “Jack?” Will called once he was back in this reality, more or less. “Why did you get me involved in this particular case? You usually wait to drag me in until you have a more ah, ‘prolific’ killer.”

“I am under a lot of pressure to get this one closed: high society's best and brightest seem to be this guy's targets. A lot of influential parents are getting anxious. I need you to tell me, will he kill again? Like this?” Jack leaned into Will's space to level an intense stare upon him, which Will quickly blocked out with his glasses. He hunched his shoulders and looked anywhere but at Jack or the body. His boss wasn't going to like the truth.

“Yes and yes. He'll keep searching and killing those who fail to make the cut, so to speak.” Will chanced a peek at Hannibal to see if he'd caught his accidental pun. Shit. If Hannibal's proud bearing was anything to go by, he obviously had. The man did love his murderous puns; it was a wonder no one had caught the Chesapeake Ripper yet just for that...

“Who's he searching for, Will?” Jack was now so close to Will's steadily shrinking form Hannibal felt an unusual surge of protectiveness rise up inside of himself. Jack was rather ham-handed with his Sweet William, and if Hannibal wasn't careful, the boorish man would cause lasting damage. He had no qualms about doing such things himself, but *no one else* had that right.

Knowing a verbal reprimand would be summarily ignored, Hannibal subtly wedged himself between Jack and Will. Will promptly ducked behind the psychiatrist’s shoulder gratefully as he continued to explain.

“He's looking for a mate. He has a very specific image of what he wants, and he's found a niche to prey upon.” Will gestured at the body's distinctive ensemble. “I'm guessing he found a club of some kind, likely catering to the BDSM crowd. Check for missing persons who frequent ritzy clubs like that. These two men were probably members of the same establishment; not too many places like that to choose from around here,” Will surmised aloud for Jack’s benefit; Jack immediately shouted orders to the flinching minions around him to get started looking.

“Well, it's a start,” Jack huffed with annoyance.

Will knew today was going to be a long one; he was supremely grateful he was able to drag Hannibal along for a while. The man’s first appointment was much later in the afternoon, and Jack not-too-subtly demanded he give his own professional insight on this killer.

Hannibal couldn't think of a better recompense for Jack having ruined a quiet morning in with his beloved: tagging along with his dear Will to see him in his element, up close and personal. For that opportunity alone (Jack held no sway over his actions, despite what the man thought), Hannibal agreed.

Will was just ecstatic to not have to ride with Jack back to the lab to analyze the body. The best way to describe those car rides was ‘pressurized stress in a can’. Jack could stand to learn some people skills from his antisocial lover, and wasn't that a sad thought?

Date Night, Death Night

“We got a match thanks to your niche theory, Will; our victim is one Norman Watts,” Beverly praised as Will and Hannibal entered the lab. “His parents are real high society types; they let this kid do whatever he wanted as long as no word got out about it. I wish you could have seen Jack’s face, guys; the Watts’ main concern about his ‘strong heir training’ was that he stayed away from anyplace cheap.”

“Priorities, wow... Unfortunately though,” Jimmy continued filling them in where Beverly left off, “this club is Baltimore’s rich and famous crowd’s well-defended secret. Since there isn't enough evidence to suggest that the two men were taken from there, warrants are going to be a hassle,” Jimmy grimaced at that, “Always something.”

“What kind of guy looks for a male dominatrix soulmate? Poor bastard must be some pansy with a humiliation fetish or something,” Brian couldn't help inserting his two cents. Will paced closer to Norman’s body as the killer revealed more of himself to the profiler’s imagination.

“No,” Will butted in abruptly, “This killer is a powerful man. Well off, physically fit… He doesn't want a slave driver, he wants a collar.”

A long and awkward silence filled the room; even Hannibal had to admit he was at a loss.

“Isn't that the same thing?” Brian countered.

Will's head shook hard enough to set his curls in motion. “He wants the status and love that comes with being a particularly dangerous pet. This killer is a predator through and through, but he wants direction… belonging. He could kill indiscriminately if he so desired but it would seem pointless to him. This guy wants someone to be his match- maybe not as physically powerful, but worthy in other ways.” Will was in full empathetic rant mode by now and everyone knew to let him be. Will turned on his heel and walked an invisible course before the body. His every nuance screamed of a bored big cat in a zoo, stuck in the same drab surroundings for its whole life, just waiting for any opportunity to break free.

“He desires to be seen as being owned, his chosen master envied but untouchable; he’d tear those who tried apart. He won't be forced to be with this special person, he is only with them for whimsy. Anytime he so chooses he can leave. But he doesn't know yet,” Will finished softly, sounding broken like the killer would be when he discovered the gritty truth, “he doesn't see that he can't leave once he's chosen: this beast mates for life.”

No one dared blink or breathe until they were absolutely sure Will was done. Hannibal's face was blank as the void. The psychiatrist blinked slowly yet repeatedly as if to show anyone watching he was still among the living; other than that, Hannibal moved nary a muscle. A dream he'd never considered himself having had just been outlined by the very one he hoped to share it with. If Hannibal were the type for pointless cursing, he'd swear a blue streak at his wendigo instincts. That's all this was. Just new instincts bubbling to the surface along with his new abilities… Yet there was enough doubt about whether he had simply missed this

fantasy his whole life or if he had gained it upon awakening as more than human that Hannibal was irritated at his lack of inner clarity and control.

Will was oblivious to his lover's inner roiling turmoil because in direct contrast, Will was eager to see Matt as soon as he left. The youngest wendigo in their dynamic was picking him up from work, and Will was dually light hearted and minded due to the notion. Will had to admit to himself that he was excited to see Matt ‘work’ for the first time. The profiler did enjoy playing Jack without anyone but Hannibal in on the joke, as did he enjoy the art gallery vibe of the occasion (truth be told most of Will's prior anxiety about the Chesapeake Ripper’s tableaus was a direct result of how undeniably gorgeous they were); but he still held healthy curiosity for the ‘before’ to Hannibal's ‘after’. Well, not if he was the intended target, he hated that. But to be in on things for once? To be a safely ensconced observer with the option to become an active participant at any time? Will fairly shook with excitement at the new but hopefully no longer rare opportunity. He still balked at doing the killing himself, more focused on saving human lives than taking them; but he wasn't human himself anymore and he had to consume others to survive. Will was many kinds of crazy, but he wasn't suicidal.

Jack eventually dismissed them once he'd worn everyone mentally ragged- or just deathly bored in Hannibal's case.

“Alright, Hannibal,” Will addressed his older lover in a chipper tone that was in direct counterpoint to the tone of Hannibal's circular musings, “I'm gonna get going now, Matt’s picking me up for dinner.” Will casually slung his bag over his shoulder with a reassuring smile aimed at Hannibal.

If Hannibal wasn't a stronger man than most emotionally, his frustrated scowl would've been visible. As it was, Will laughed at him for ‘pouting like that’. Hannibal Lecter does not pout. Pouting was a most undignified behavior. The psychiatrist had been well aware of this arrangement beforehand, so he forwent asking Will to spend the night with him. Hannibal was many things, but he wasn't so crass as to make his beloved leave the company of his new friend just to keep a possessive hold on him. Will's wild demeanor would cause that particular plan to backfire spectacularly.

Hannibal consoled himself by thinking about the hunting he'd be doing while Will was gone; Hannibal sorely needed to restock his fridge, so this wouldn't be a *total* loss of a good night.

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Matt was nothing but savage grace as he leant up against the passenger side door of his sporty little red car, waiting for Will to leave his work behind for the day. The afternoon was warm and breezy, and Matt closed his eyes to tilt his face into the sun’s cheery rays. The trio’s youngest wendigo passed the time imagining himself in his hawk form enjoying riding the air currents high above as they were so charged by the day's warmth and relative peace. Matt could feel the countless human eyes raking over his relaxed but powerful form in both appreciative and jealous looks alike. The occasional glance held both, and Matt felt a blithe sort of half-smirk appear at that.

Even with his eyes closed, Matt could catch the scent of wendigo drifting suddenly into his airspace, accompanied by the fevered sweetness, charged ozone, and petrichor that was

innately Will's own. Matt couldn't have suppressed the dopey grin blooming sweetly on his face if he had wanted to. His eyes snapped open to look for Will in the crowd, and once he spotted the profiler he would have bet money that the dark gleam he felt brewing in his gaze was a tangible thing. Will certainly seemed to feel its caress upon his form as he headed unerringly Matt's way with an easy but shy smile in return.

"If you're trying to look like you only make an orderly's salary, a red sports car isn't the way to go," Will pointed out lightly, gesturing to said vehicle even as he opened the door.

"Technically, my baby wasn't as expensive as you'd think," Matt explained with pride, taking Will's bag from him to deposit it in the smallish back seat. Will shook his head in fond exasperation as they pulled out onto the main road.

Will had explained, in no uncertain terms, to Matt *and* Hannibal that he had decided to keep Matt as merely a *friend* (allowing for light flirting) who was helping them out with their new wendigo selves and keep both relationships secret for the time being to postpone the world of hassle their inevitable unveiling was sure to create. Hannibal was a secretive person to begin with, which was a good trait for the Chesapeake Ripper to have, all things considered. Will pretty much suspected Hannibal enjoyed knowing something everyone else didn't; one of the man's hobbies, as it were. But the puns were forbidden in this case. The profiler did not need both first and secondhand embarrassment at once in front of his coworkers. He wasn't even going to get onto the topic of Hannibal making sex puns about Will's relationship with him in Jack's immeasurably awkward presence. Just… no.

Matt was definitely an open book usually, but he'd tried to tamp down his more obvious flirting until they had driven a safe distance away. Will, rather uncharacteristically, found himself speaking up first for once.

"I get this strange feeling that you had wanted to get to know me slower, if only to call me 'Mr. Graham' for a while…" Will raised a sardonic eyebrow as he turned to look at the side of Matt's face. He wasn't feeling quite bold enough to simultaneously tease and make actual eye contact. Not yet, at least, though Will knew his burgeoning wendigo nature seemed to be helping a bit in that respect.

"You see me so well, Will," Matt acknowledged with a small laugh, loving that he'd found someone who really understood him. The idea of being unable or unwilling to hide anything from another, from an equal, thrilled Matt like nothing else.

Will turned away to peer out of the window as trees and roads blurred by. They were driving to a wooded area Matt knew in order to hopefully catch a group of the campers who frequently settled there unawares. It wasn't quite an official camping ground or park, so it wasn't as if they had to sign a guest register to visit or anything. That fact made it an ideal spot for spontaneous trips and hunting wendigo alike.

Will found Matt's easy candor refreshing when compared to Hannibal's veritable enigma of being; but Will was the first to admit that working for his knowledge was rewarding as well.

"Now that I think about it, maybe you should call me that for a while. Keep things professional," Will mused aloud.

Matt cocked an incredulous eyebrow at him without taking his attention from the road. Will regretted ever even *suggesting* such a tactic when his overactive imagination leapt right to Matt purring his last name like a sinful prayer in decidedly unprofessional contexts.

Will's face reddened immediately and he stammered, “A-Actually, let’s not.” The profiler-turned-wendigo was rather shocked at himself; since when did that kind of thing turn him on? Now he was thinking about calling Hannibal *Doctor* and- Nope, not going there. Though truthfully, Will hadn’t really had much, if any, experience to go by to have discovered this. Will groaned softly and put a hand over his eyes. Great, he was now the equivalent of an experimenting adolescent.

Matt chuckled while he drank in Will's transparent inner turmoil.

“I don't know, I think I could make it work, Mr. Graham,” Matt said with pointed emphasis on his last word.

Will shot him a glare. “That's what I'm afraid of…” he grumbled, hunching his shoulders in a halfhearted attempt to close his flirty friend off. It had never been said that Will wasn't rather prickly on occasion, and Will wasn't about to give that part of his personality up just yet. Or likely ever. Snark was an effective weapon, and it was easy enough at this point for Will to wield it masterfully.

The pair sat in a surprisingly comfortable silence for the rest of the drive; before long they had reached their destination and both wendigo were nigh thrumming with the electric excitement of the upcoming hunt. They left Matt's car parked in a secluded nook just off the road, and then they set out to look for suitable prey. Will was thankful Matt had chosen to take him on what amounted to a dinner date; after his long day he was starting to feel starved.

“This'll go much better if I carry you, Will,” Matt announced suddenly. When Will whipped around to give Matt a look that screamed ‘I am not that useless’, Matt held his hands up in a placating gesture. “Not what I meant. Your inhuman speed isn't as well developed as mine. Better alibi opportunities when the crime scene is many miles away from where you were five minutes prior.” Matt wiggled his eyebrows charmingly and Will rolled his eyes with long-suffering grace.

“Alright, alright… How do we do this?” Will gave in easily, warily eyeing Matt’s very eager stance. Will made a mental note to maintain absolute vigilance whenever he caught Matt bouncing on his heels with his hands stuffed into his pockets. The action was as endearing as it was worrying, honestly.

It turned out that Will was right to be cautious, not like it helped him any when he was swept off his feet and into Matt's arms with a frantic squawk. The profiler’s arms immediately wound themselves tight around Matt’s neck and shoulders for better stability. Will didn't have the chance to even see him move to pick him up, and then they were off into the deeper, darker areas of the woods doing what felt like light-speed travel.

Will's breath caught in his throat as they practically soared over the uneven forest floor, Matt leaping nimbly over felled tree trunks that Will only saw once they were fading into the distance. Will was in heaven, wondering if this was the exhilaration his pack felt when they

ran through their own woods. He hoped to properly join his beloved dogs someday, and Will vowed to make asking Matt how to channel his speed a priority.

Both wendigo picked up the scent at the same moment and headed that direction. A group of hapless campers gathered around a small bonfire, laughing and chattering happily for what was to be the last time in their cut-short lives. Will had wondered if being around his human friends and acquaintances would arouse his predatory instincts without his consent, but as much as he could smell their humanity, it was nothing like this. This was fresh meat, quivering prey animals more than individuals with personalities and families. None of the campers smelled spoiled by cancer, drugs, or the like, so Matt carefully set Will down to hide behind a large tree trunk. No words were needed to tell Will to fade into the background easily and soundlessly, and Matt flashed a confident and toothy smile at the darkness Will was taking advantage of. Matt loved this part.

For the first time since he'd discovered Will and Hannibal, Matt slipped into his third and last wendigo form. Previously, Matt had used his full human appearance or his full hawk form; now he became a deadly mix of the two. Matt's eyes brightened to burnished gold and he could feel his teeth sharpening in preparation to rend and tear. Long fingers were tipped with curved talons and flexed into the air, just as his feet were once he toed off his shoes. Matt perched more than stood after that, his ankle structure changed as well to allow for effortless pouncing.

The transformation from unassuming mask of humanity to this avian predator of such poise and danger fascinated Will like nothing else. Would he be able to shift his form someday as well? Will couldn't explain how, but he knew he wouldn't be a hawklike beast as Matt was. Whatever he became to express his true self, Will hoped he could gain even just a fraction of the centered strength he felt pouring off of his younger mate.

It was time. The very air seemed to turn cold and crisp when Matt stalked closer, silent in the leaf litter until one purposeful step broke a twig with a sharp snapping sound that alerted the men around the fire that something unknown was out there. One of the men reached for his flashlight, but it was no use. The snap of terror Matt carefully contrived was their only warning before death was busy working in their midst.

Matt was wild but calculated as he settled into his dance of an attack, and he was just as bold and daring as Hannibal was in the psychiatrist's semi-subtle way. Yet Matt gleefully discarded all human pretenses as he tore the life from the small group of campers with skilled claw-strokes that spattered high arcs of arterial spray onto the trees… No one would find their corpses, only their absence, and only that a great deal of time later.

Will's eyes fairly gleamed with interest at the tableau presented as a gift before him. Hannibal reserved all of his flair to the presentation of his prey, and yet Matt obviously reveled in the task itself. The Chesapeake Ripper cared not for ensuring quick or painless deaths, but even so, most of his kills were carefully controlled situations with very few possible outcomes. On the other hand, Matt obviously enjoyed the spontaneity of having to corral those he chose to hunt. He leapt in between the men who thought to save their existence and their seemingly limitless escape routes into the forest beyond, the screams of agony and fear strong enough to infuse the air with a palpable threnody. All Matt had to do was smile, baring his teeth happily,

and then watch as the men's hope of escaping their fate shriveled and died. Booted feet shuffled backwards towards what of their number of friends was still living, in some sort of fatalistic solidarity of their inevitable bloody end.

When almost all the men were incapacitated, Matt smirked with smug satisfaction at Will, who chose that moment to step out of his cover; Matt's chosen wouldn't interrupt anything at this point. The few survivors latched onto Will's forcibly benign presence and tried to get the curly haired man to help save their lives with pleading screams and bloodied outstretched hands; in their desperation they saw his intense expression too late.

Matt easily rent flesh from one man's back to leave a gouge that exposed his spine, scapula, and ribcage; the birdlike wendigo's eyes locked on his cherished one all the while, in adoration of the way Will's eyes followed the blood as it zinged through the air with a sudden gluttonous hunger. Matt handed the hunk of bloody meat he'd cleaved off with his talons to Will deferentially. Matt knew the profiler would soon be out of his mind with the need to eat human flesh, and so hoped the offering would appease his chosen long enough to finish off the hunt.

The last two men had stumbled past Will as he took pleasured bites of his gift; they were forced to lean heavily together just to stand- a pair of matching human crutches. Matt's head cocked in a curious bird's sudden, fluid twitch, and then he pounced on both men at once, grabbing their napes with his talons perfectly positioned to pierce their jugulars easily from behind. Matt's bare feet perched on their spines to force them down in synchronization with the killing grasp.

To Will, it was one of the most beautiful things he'd ever seen. His mouth watered uncontrollably now and he took one sure step after another to get closer to the man who'd killed for him with suck dark glee and skill. The men who had set up camp in that smallish clearing now lay still and cooling all throughout it. Saliva and the previous small savory taste of coppery blood mixed wetly within Will's mouth, and he could hardly think beyond his craving for *more*. Will sunk to his knees beside Matt's crouching form to haul the nearest corpse closer still, before bending over the warm, bloody flesh to tear into it with his teeth directly.

Oh gods… Will thought hazily, feeling a sweet sense of rapture as he indulged in the most sinful gluttony imaginable, stuffing his face with the tissue and organs of what used to be a living, breathing human being. The profiler now understood why Hannibal was so fond of offal; there was something more pleasantly fulfilling about the bites of liver and heart he swallowed compared to the strips of muscle he'd taken from the man's arms and legs. Will distantly heard Matt moving the rest of the meat closer to his reach; the profiler couldn't even pretend to be anything but a monster now, as he turned his greedy focus towards the sound of splitting skin as Matt deftly cut the next body's abdomen open to facilitate his revered one's next course.

Matt sat back on his haunches to watch his chosen, his equal, his- hopefully someday- *mate* work to sate that wendigo's characteristic hunger, that ravening pit that was never truly satisfied for any of their kind. Matt's breath came in harsh, heaving pants but he was eerily still besides that; poised with the single-minded focus of his bird of prey brethren,

his wide gold eyes glued to the aphrodisiacal sight of Will's stomach swelling with the bounty of the hunt Matt had provided for him. It was almost overwhelming, how much the view of one's mate like this aroused a wendigo, Matt pondered silently, wondering how long before Will's inevitable questioning began.

How was Will seeing this situation on his end? Matt could tell Will was truly enjoying this by virtue of his dilated pupils and rosy blush, those near-tortured moans and breathy gasps, and by the way he couldn't resist taking more and more into himself; everything about the way Will looked right now screamed blissful abandon. Was Will concerned about his lapse in humanity, or was he accepting it as yet another new biological quirk? Surely he'd notice once Hannibal was experiencing this particular drive, this level of ecstatic gluttony?

Will's pace slowed significantly once every body's abdominal cavity had been picked through, and he came back to himself enough to notice how far his belly pooched out, his shirt pushed far up by the pressure upon it. Will brought his clawed fingers out of shredded flesh with a sick squelch, unable to stop himself from suckling at the viscera still clinging to the digits- not that he really wanted to stop, but still, the lack of self-control was worrying. He smeared red across the taut pale expanse that his shirt had risen to reveal when he ran his hands tentatively over the swell of his stomach. There didn't seem to be a way for this to be physically possible- even for a wendigo! Will's gaze swiveled from the bewildering sight towards his new friend beseechingly. He meant to ask what this was, what was happening to him and why, but Will realized with a jolt that Matt was *hard*, and had been achingly so this entire time.

Matt had known he couldn't fuck his chosen mate this time, even through his lust-haze; there would hopefully be an opportunity for *that* once his intended had fully succumbed to his heat someday. Hips stuttering, Matt latched onto that line of thought, fantasizing about the experience of taking Will, his perfect Will, while he was in the throes of heat-fever…

Will watched as Matt panted raggedly as he imagined something likely to do with Will, and somewhere in the back of his mind, Will wondered if allowing his friend to continue to express his obsessive love for him was smart or safe.

Wait... What?

“Alright, so what the *actual hell* is happening to me, Matt?” Will blurted out abruptly, once Matt had caught his breath and calmed down. His words were stern and sharp, but Will shook in distress as he spoke.

“Which part of this are you talking about?” Matt saw no sense in playing dumb, “I can't explain if I don't know what specific information you're asking for.”

Matt shifted his shoulders on the tree trunk he was propped up against, turning to give Will his direct attention. “I'm guessing you're mostly freaking about the appetite increase, right?”

Will scowled in consternation as he replied in a sour mutter, “That would be a *great* place to start…”

“Long story short, your body is both making up for your lack of proper diet from before and helping you grow into your power now that it’s awakened,” Matt explained blithely, “you need more energy, so you need more food,” the younger wendigo remarked in his usual, candid way.

Will was not much less confused than before.

“Power? Like your speed, or Hannibal’s strength?”

“Yeah. To be fair, all of us have superior speed and strength, along with three forms to switch between. Other powers are individual, for the most part. You're the first bearer I've met though, so I don't have any firsthand experience to pass on to you about that side of things… Sorry about that.”

Will staunchly avoided giving voice to the bizzare notion that he could potentially get *pregnant*, of all things, and Matt kindly allowed him to ignore that bit for the time being as they made their way back to the car.

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“So apparently, I'm a wendigo bearer,” Will nonchalantly stated during his next (barely even resembling formal at this point) session with Hannibal. They had moved their weekly conversations to Hannibal's home study rather than his office. Will could see the exact moment that the psychiatrist's brain stopped functioning, and it was so intensely satisfying on so many levels, that Will decided then and there to make this his new hobby. When Hannibal regained some small measure of composure, he went right up to Will and clutched at him in a tight hug.

“Sweet William, nothing would make me happier than to have a child with you…” Will could tell by Hannibal's growling, enamored tone that he meant it. He played along anyway.

“Yeah? You don't think it's weird?” Will asked in a faux hesitant voice.

“Never. This is exquisite; *you* are exquisite.” Hannibal nuzzled into his mate’s face in abandon. The possibility of a small voice calling his name so sweetly again… how could he resist? His Will was a marvel. “Is there anything in this world you desire, my darling? You need but say the word and it is yours,” he purred, feeling slightly outside of his human veil persona right then. It seemed his wendigo instincts had reared to the forefront upon hearing the word ‘bearer’, urging Hannibal to dote upon his Will, provide affection and a shower of lovely gifts. At least his two sides were in agreement, so Hannibal didn't mind giving in to his biological desires.

Will shifted languidly in his lover's arms.

“I just want *you* right now. Properly this time, I think…”

Hannibal Lecter never trips, but Will swore he almost did trying to ferry them to the bedroom as swiftly as was possible. It was adorable how flustered Hannibal was by this news, Will thought privately, wondering half-heartedly if he should use this shift as blackmail someday, even as he played with Hannibal's ashen locks in idle contentment as he was carried.

Will stretched luxuriously as soon as his back hit high thread-count sheets, reaching up for Hannibal with molasses-sweet heated eyes.

“C’mere, you,” he said lovingly, parting his thighs so Hannibal could settle snugly between them. “Now kiss me,” Will commanded with mock-petulance, pouting slightly to entice his beloved further. He found he quite liked directing the ever in control psychiatrist, when he was obeyed immediately and desperately. “In me, in me- skip that, give me your cock, Hannibal!” Will cried, fire in his voice and in his veins.

Dutifully Hannibal redirected his lubricated fingers towards his own length instead of stretching Will open, and when he slid in with no more preamble, eyes shining with wonder, Will gasped and moaned heartily in appreciation.

“Oh Will…” Hannibal sighed, starting to move before Will could ask him to get on with it. That was fine, he'd have plenty more opportunities in the future…

Will tossed his head back in pure hedonistic bliss, waves of pleasure coursing through him as his lover rammed vehemently into him.

“Mmm, you'd do anything I asked you to, wouldn't you?”

A hastily stifled groan was his only answer. It was telling enough.

“You're so good to me; I can't help but want to be good to you right back,” Will told Hannibal sweetly, clenching tight around the other man’s girth as he pulled back to emphasize his point. “Give it to me: I want your cum!” he shouted after a particularly savage thrust, “I want it, I want it,” Will chanted, wrapping his arms tighter around Hannibal's shoulders insistently as their motions grew frantic.

Blackness bloomed under his palms, spreading up Hannibal's skin to fill his complexion with unearthly pitch. Great antlers sprouted from his hair soon after and Will was entranced.

By the time Hannibal shuddered pleasantly through his release and Will's, the black beast known as the wendigo had fully replaced Hannibal's once-human form. The psychiatrist hardly seemed to notice, just as busy worshipping his mate's body as Will was exploring this new, even more powerful one.

He reveled in Hannibal's change, wondering if he had a similar form too, though he suspected any antlers he had, if any, would be nowhere near the majestic stateliness of his lover's.

Will drifted off into a sated, dozing sleep, fingers tangled around the forks in Hannibal's antlers proprietorially.

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The phone rang an hour later, Alana's name popping up on the caller ID. Will tugged on one side of Hannibal's antlers warningly as soon as he noticed his lover appearing to contemplate doing something nefarious to the woman.

"Just leave it," Will growled, tugging again to point out the double meaning to the statement.

Hannibal nodded in a put out fashion, albeit looking far less murderous than he had previously. Will considered it a win in keeping his wendigo mate from killing any of their friends. For now.

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Will's sickly aura shifted quickly to one radiating well-sated health under Hannibal's and Matt's careful attentions. Will still had all his usual strength- and more, even- but an extra layer of soft, pale flesh had settled charmingly over that muscle. He stood around a table with the rest of the team, looking over various photos of both the crime scenes and the victims' lives beforehand.

"I can't help but notice that these men look like you, Will," Beverly mentioned in her odd mix of jovial and serious tones.

"I noticed; I've been trying not to think about it," Will replied tiredly. He had none of the usual 'that could be me' feeling, however.

Both men- hardly more than boys- wielded cruel power, what with their spikes and sharp heels. Will had no fealty towards those who used such force to get what they wanted from their lovers, without even thinking of trying anything else. Reinforcement worked better in the long term than punishment did after all…

Will smiled dark and fond as he reminisced about his various encounters with Matt and Hannibal lately. He'd accepted his power over them by now as a good thing (Will wondered what his life had become that he had to ensure one of his two wendigo companions didn't eviscerate anyone in his general vicinity) and realized that it was also his responsibility to take care of what was *his*. Norman and Gregory were neglectful owners.

“Will,” Jack spoke up at length, walking away from the table of photos he'd been burning a hole in with his eyes for the past five minutes to head to his office, once he looked at his watch and noticed the time, “Come with me. We have a plan to find our killer: we’re going to have you stake out the club that both the victims frequented,” Jack explained as they walked.

When Will saw Hannibal already waiting in Jack’s office, he had a sinking feeling all of a sudden.

“If I’m here to be bait, why did you call Hannibal too?”

Jack’s expression looked that special brand of determined that had never led to nice things in Will’s longtime experience.

“The club only caters to Baltimore’s wealthier patrons. We don’t have anyone else available with that kind of reputation.”

Hannibal was annoyingly silent.

“What is our cover story, Jack?” Will questioned, irritated by all this beating around the bush, even though he had a good idea where this particular road led. Jack appeared vaguely sheepish but mostly unapologetic. “Jack, who are we going in as?”

The agent coughed lightly but said nothing more. Will’s brain skidded to a screeching halt, and he decided it wasn't as much fun to experience mental derailment as it was to cause it.

“Our perp,” the profiler began to think aloud slowly and ominously, “is trying to be dominated by someone who generally shares my looks.”

“Yes.”

“I hate to say this, Jack, but I really don’t want to play dominatrix, nor do I think Hannibal the love slave type…” Will twitched minutely upon saying that, but happened upon yet another excuse, “Besides, where will we get the ah… appropriate attire on such short notice?”

“I believe I can help on that front. I know some reputable tailors after all.”

Will was ready to kill his lover with the force of his glare alone, but Hannibal’s blissfully oblivious act had settled it for Jack. The man patted Will's shoulder once, encouragingly, before beating a hasty retreat.

“You are an awful person, Hannibal Lecter…”

The bastard just grinned smugly, and Will had to forcibly and repeatedly remind himself to wait to punch his unofficial psychiatrist until *after* he left federal property.

Coffee (Again) and Corsets

“Hey, Hannibal- we could use some coffee…” Will mentioned almost offhandedly; it was the next morning and they were all in the labs going over details of the case for anything they may have missed. Hannibal perked up immediately and went off to procure some caffeine for him. Will's insides fizzled with warmth; bossing his lover around was just *so* satisfying, for reasons as of yet unknown. Hannibal returned promptly, two cups in hand. He gave Will his first, and then politely handed the second to Beverly, who thanked him, having been watching the proceedings from right next to Will with bemusement.

“Practicing?” she asked once Hannibal stepped back again.

“Just feeling out the role,” Will answered honestly, despite not mentioning that this wasn't about the undercover mission. He took a victorious sip of coffee before noticing Jack glowering at him. Or more specifically, glowering at the small tummy all of Will's overeating had afforded him, no doubt wondering if Will was letting himself go, and if it would affect his ability to close cases. Will felt his eyebrow twitch in annoyance.

Hannibal, meanwhile, thrilled inside about this subtle exchange between Jack and ‘his’ star profiler (he was clearly *Hannibal's*). Seeing that someone had obviously noticed the physical evidence of Hannibal's claim upon Will reminded him why he just couldn't bring himself to cover up his beloved more in public. The slightly bowed out, round bump allowed Hannibal's wendigo instincts to relax enough for him to leave Will alone to work; he didn't have to hover as possessively, because Will's appearance was enough of a sign that he was taken. Thoroughly.

The profiler himself didn't care much how he dressed, so while he'd noticed the added weight, he didn't buy bigger clothes. His were loose to begin with; they still fit now. Even though Will put little thought into changing how he looked, he still relished in the attention this reminder to his mate about his desirability brought him. Waste not want not, after all.

The team spent the rest of the morning combing through evidence, before turning to the task of finalizing that night’s undercover efforts mid-afternoon.

“You two will be wired with mics, but no cameras this time. The club manager was very clear about that,” Jack informed the group, “And honestly, I’m better off not seeing that much of the inside of this place,” he added with a shudder. “Anyway, let's get ready for tonight; we might find nothing the first night, but then again we just might, so this ship better run smoothly. Dr. Lecter, as you aren't FBI, we should go over some things just in case…”

As Hannibal and Jack stepped aside to converse in quiet tones (Will honestly hadn't thought Jack had it in him to be reasonably courteous with his volume), Will abruptly felt dazed. He became aware of his own scent wafting off of him in sweet waves. What the fuck. He quickly connected this to being some symptom of his new wendigo powers. Great, so now he had to deal with both being a monster and smelling like expensive candy.

Naturally, Hannibal's astute nose picked up this shift in Will's scent fairly quickly. He assumed this was how Will reacted to seeing his reconstructions; Hannibal couldn't see or hear anything in front of him- he wasn't ignoring Jack, he was just mentally *gone*. Hannibal's pupils took over most of his eye and he could feel his control slipping. The psychiatrist struggled and regained an at least tenuous hold over his visceral reaction to that sweet, absolutely perfect scent, and forced his instincts down- for the second- to hide his reaction from Jack.

A soft gasp from Will made Hannibal whirl around to look. Will had pretended to stumble with that soft, surprised sound (the type that instantly garners sympathy) to get Zeller, the nearest to him at that moment, to touch him in the hopes of steadying the profiler. Hannibal could barely muffle his possessive growl. No one else deserved to touch Will.

“Jack, someone's asking for you out there,” Beverly said, poking her head back in the room to do so.

“Right, thanks.”

Almost alone with Will now, everyone else packed up and on their way out, Hannibal stalked over to Will. The younger wendigo just smirked smugly at him, and it was the last straw. Hannibal dragged Will away with only the barest level of polite restraint, grinding his now elongated and sharp teeth to keep what little was left of his composure. Everyone stared in bemusement as the obviously rattled, usually ever-unruffled and in control psychiatrist marched off with Will, giving no explanation or any words to anyone, even to the strangely-pleased profiler he held in tow.

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When Will and Hannibal arrived at Hannibal's house that evening, their disguises had arrived as well. Will took his bundle of clothes into the master bathroom with a stern look at his lover, letting Hannibal know in no uncertain terms that he wasn't allowed to peek. Hannibal inclined his head slightly in acquiescence (why ruin the surprise?) and moved to change into his own set.

Door closed firmly behind him (there was no lock), Will finally looked at what he was about to wear. The tightly fitted black pants (thankfully not leather or satin), lined black leather shrug-jacket, and black lacy fingerless gloves seemed harmless enough.

If a corset could be masculine, he thought, *then that's what this is.* It wasn't as exaggerated a shape as most corsets he'd seen, so his ribcage shouldn't have too many protests, thankfully. Oddly enough, the fabric it was made of was the exact shade of maroon that Hannibal's irises were. It was easier to notice the reddish cast of the color when it was splayed out over his pale skin.

Hannibal had quite naturally included a pair of silk panties as well, Will noted as he pulled tight the cording lacing his corset shut, *Of course*.

The corset fit fine, but then Will turned to check the lacing in the full-length mirror that Hannibal had so graciously provided for that purpose (among other things, he was sure). Will

paled upon seeing how far it seemed to push that new fullness and more-rounded shape of his ass into the highest focus. Frowning at his disobedient body weight distribution, Will set about tugging the sinfully decadent-feeling panties on to cover it. Everything cleared his body successfully until the smooth silk and lace closed in on the uppermost part of his thighs.

Damn it all.

Outside the bathroom, Hannibal had already donned his outfit for the evening. It was severely understated by his standards: a pure black suit and shirt, albeit with a subtly shiny patterned waistcoat, finished off with a matte black tie. But it was all the better to let Will shine at his side.

Speaking of Will, “The underwear doesn't fit,” he grumbled through the still-closed door.

“They're meant to be tight,” Hannibal countered; he'd purposefully bought them a size smaller than his profiler’s actual size, though Will didn't need to know that.

Will’s voice came through the door with frustration now, “That's not-” he cleared his throat awkwardly, “I meant-”

Will didn't even have time to make an undignified noise of terror as Hannibal shouldered his way into the bathroom with him. The psychiatrist stopped short with his lips parted in a silent, stunned gasp at the sight of Will turned with his back to the gilt mirror, lace panties stuck just under the swell of his backside, and endearingly frozen in wide-eyed shock.

Will's face flushed immediately.

“*God damn it, Hannibal!*”

A Wolf Among Leather Sheep

After he insisted on helping Will with the panties, and proceeded to do so without waiting for a reply, Hannibal wisely left Will alone to put everything else on. Will calmed down eventually, by smugly taking note of just how much unnecessary groping the older wendigo did during his helping and he revised his ‘How Much Hannibal Loves My Ass’ estimate. When Will came out of the bathroom, Hannibal stood at the foot of the bed holding two expensive-looking boxes in his hands, one significantly larger than the other.

He handed the profiler the bigger box first, and Will discovered a pair of slim, knee-high, black leather boots with what Will wouldn't call a high-heel, but had a noticeable height to it all the same.

Manly heels to go with the manly corset, Will thought bemusedly.

“What's in that box?” Will asked curiously.

“The last part of my disguise; saved for you to place upon me yourself,” Hannibal said cryptically, not really answering the question, as usual.

Whatever, at least he didn't answer his question with yet another question; Will called that progress. He took the box and refrained from giving in to his urge to shake it to help guess what it was due to his lover's reverent air. Inside was a thick, leather collar with a silver buckle. Will's mouth dropped open in soft surprise.

“Oh,” was all he could manage.

“Will you put it on me, my Sweet William?”

And then Hannibal knelt at his feet. Oh, indeed.

“Shit, Hannibal… Yes!” Will agreed enthusiastically, bending slightly to put the collar snugly around the psychiatrist's neck, running gentle fingers across its length after he fastened it in place. Will was sure he wouldn't have thought to collar his cannibal on his own, but he was certainly glad Hannibal did. Hannibal was clearly ecstatic to be owned in this way, and with a pleased rumble like a purr he leant in close and nuzzled into Will's cushy stomach, breathing his scent in deep.

Will smelled absolutely amazing. Like morning dew on a spring day mixed with warm spun sugar, among other things Hannibal couldn't definitively place. When his darling lovingly carded fingers through his hair he couldn't bring himself to protest that he was mussing it; he would stay this way forever if he could- at peace.

“Come on, Jack’s waiting for us to check in…” Will reminded Hannibal softly.

Hannibal sighed but stood, fixing his hair in a mirror on the way out.

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Will felt like Red Riding Hood as he walked into the club with Hannibal subserviently but imposingly one step behind. His wolf in the wood now tamed, but only for the one who held his heart. Red Riding Hood might've found a different way in the stories, but Will wondered how powerful the little girl would feel with the great dangerous beast on *her* side. But Red Riding Hood got even when all was said and done; she may have been small and cute, but she had a deadly means to an end. How ironic that Will's hunter was also his wolf.

Hannibal was thinking similar thoughts, but his analogy was that he was a tiger- a maneater- willingly obeying his pretty little tamer who had ever so thoughtfully not curtailed his predatory instincts. Hannibal had noted during their meet up with Jack that the agent was visibly uncomfortable with the supposed change in them both, now in costume and freely channeling their dynamic. Be careful what you ask for indeed. Thankfully Jack withheld the comments he surely wished to make to Will about getting too into his role as Hannibal's dominatrix that had come to a head at that moment.

The club was dark and classy, boasting tasteful gilt accents and plenty of velvet in varying shades of red and purple. Hannibal's role was to be recognized in order to permit them access to the killer's hunting grounds, and he certainly was, noticing a few acquaintances in turn. No one knew Will in Hannibal's considerable social circle, and even if they did, they wouldn't connect that twitchy wreck with the confident vixen Will became while in persona.

And what a sight Will was here, Hannibal thought giddily. He parted crowds not with his own intimidation, but with the knowledge that someone as incredibly dominant as Hannibal Lecter (presently called Dr. Metzgermeister while at the club) would so happily and contently submit to his whims like this.

"Herr Doktor, why don't we find somewhere to sit, hmm?" Will purred smoothly, relishing in using the title only he could call Hannibal here. Everyone else would have to settle with unintentionally punning by calling his mate a Master Butcher in German, after that infamous internet cannibal's screen-name.

Hannibal sat next to Will on a leather loveseat so they could survey the room for their target in relative comfort. It turned out that he came right to them, obviously drawn in by Will's looks and bearing.

"I would love to talk to you; might we go somewhere more private?" the man asked Will in a refreshingly direct way.

He was tall, and well-built, clearly possessing enough strength to have torn apart his previous candidates. His clothes were classy but casual, and looked easy to move around in. Will lifted his chin imperiously as he gave the man a once over, giving nothing away about his judgment of his appearance. Their target stood up straighter and pushed his broad shoulders back, putting himself more on display.

"The polite thing to do is to introduce yourself first," Will drawled.

“Forgive me, I am a bit overwhelmed... My name here is Wolf,” the man replied, visibly cowed but still standing strong.

“Wolf, hmm? I happen to be quite fond of canines myself…” Will's eyes flashed eagerly, anticipating the hunt, although he was sure Wolf would take it much less literally. “I assume you have a spot in mind?”

Will uncrossed his legs and stood smoothly, smirking as he caught Wolf watching the motion hungrily. Hannibal tensed behind Will, although he stayed seated, and Will gave a soft ‘tsst’ noise to get him to stand down. Hannibal calmed immediately.

“Lead the way…”

And so they wound through the tables, small crowds, and piles of sumptuous cushions to reach a hallway lined with doors to small rooms. Wolf held the door respectfully for Will to enter, and he did so fearlessly.

Hannibal observed where they went, and followed a few moments afterwards.

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“You're perfect for me,” Wolf said once they were alone, and while Will was coolly assessing if the man had any weapons on him. He had only a single hunting knife, from what Will could see.

“Unfortunately for you, I'm taken by a very possessive boyfriend and friend,” Will informed Wolf blankly, knowing that everyone listening through his hidden microphone must be wondering if Will was merely telling the killer what he wanted to hear… or if he was telling the truth.

Wolf’s eyes widened in awe.

“You have two-? You're everything I've ever dreamed!” Wolf fell to his knees reverently, looking up at Will like he hung the moon and the stars.

“I don't need a third right now; but I do need you to come with me. You're wanted for questioning.”

Wolf looked betrayed, and asked with mania and anger,

“But I just found you, how can I willingly give you up?”

Will gave a soft sad smirk to the desperate man kneeling with his palms flat to the floor before him.

“I didn't expect you to,” Will answered with a surprising amount of sadness.

They both surged into motion at the same time. Wolf lunged at Will's middle just as Will raised a knee to intercept the attempt, striking with a harsh blow to the face fueled by the other’s own furious momentum. Wolf reeled back in pain and disorientation, and yet still

tried again, full of the mad desperation of love. He feinted to the left of Will as he grabbed his blade from its place strapped to his thigh.

Will finally realized that he was at a great disadvantage; he didn't have Hannibal or Matt's supernatural strength to balance the scales. He successfully dodged several slashes that were clearly meant to incapacitate more than to kill. It seemed their killer wasn't keen to discard his diamond in the rough. Will knocked over the room's table to have a barrier against the blade, and he was now facing the door he'd come in through, Wolf directly in front of him.

Because of this, when the door opened smooth and silent, only Will noticed.

Hannibal stepped inside on light feet, and Wolf had no idea what hit him when he was disarmed with inhuman strength and restrained with zip ties (helpfully provided by Jack) in quick succession. Will kicked the knife away just in case, before turning to smile softly at Hannibal.

"Thanks *Herr Doktor*… You're like my own personal attack dog who took out the big bad wolf," Will praised cheekily.

Hannibal preened subtly, as if he appreciated the comparison but wished he didn't.

"Are you alright?" he asked, eyes showing mild concern. Wolf snarled and struggled to get away, to attack his competition, but was ultimately unable to escape Hannibal's inhuman grip. The foiled killer was a stark contrast to Hannibal's calm. Matt would be calm too, Will thought. He'd probably be having more fun than Hannibal immobilizing this killer though. The psychiatrist wendigo just looked bored with his captive.

"I'm fine. Honestly, you came in just the nick of time," Will said fondly, before turning his gaze dispassionately down at Wolf. "We should get him out to Jack," Will ended the conversation there due to their absent audience. He wanted to talk about how his instincts had been singing all night, but it wouldn't do for both their relationship and non-human status to be unveiled in one night.

Hannibal nodded once, in understanding.

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